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THE IVY LEAF

A BOOK OF COLLEGE AND ALUMNÆ
POEMS, BY HELEN GRAY CONE



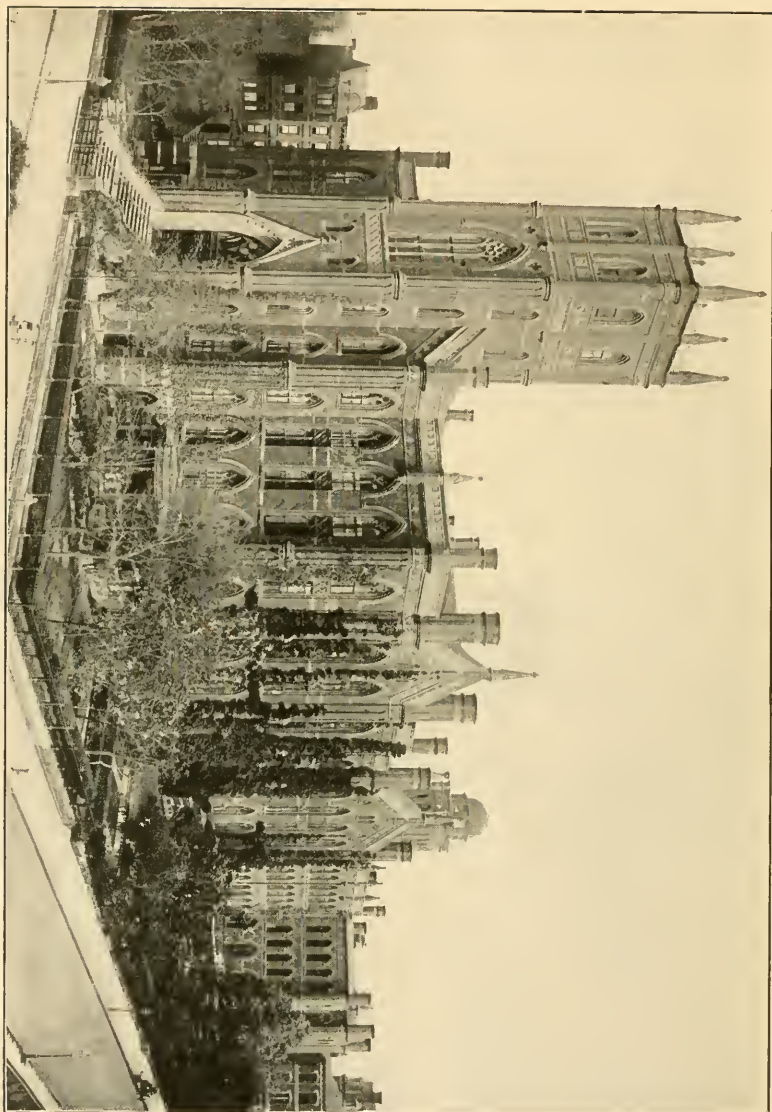
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THE IVY LEAF.

(*Alumnæ Song.*)

[AIR—"Maryland, My Maryland."]

SOME praise the pansy's Tyrian dyes,
And some the rose's royalty;
But more than fairest flower we prize
The lovely leaf of loyalty:
The ivy green, that loves to dare,
That 's fain to climb and firm to bear,—
Oh, still in every heart we 'll wear
The lovely leaf of loyalty!

It upward spires and outward spreads,
And strongly binds though slenderly;
It lifts a hundred fearless heads,
It hides the scars all tenderly:
It crowns with grace, it girds with power,
Survives the snow, outlives the flower,
And closest clings in stormiest hour,
The lovely leaf of loyalty!

The Ivy Leaf.

Then sing the ivy never sere,
That grows so green and lustily,
And wraps the walls forever dear
With living mantle trustily ;
By days to come, by all the past,
By hopes that lead, and joys that last,
Our faith we plight to hold it fast,
The lovely leaf of loyalty !

THE GOOD SHIP ALMA MATER.

(Commencement Song, 1876.)

THE good ship Alma Mater rides at anchor in the
bay,
With all her colors flying in the summer wind to-day ;
For years she stoutly bore us, but now the ocean's
past,
And in the hoped-for haven she has landed us at last.

O good ship Alma Mater, we bid farewell to thee ;
Stand stately in the harbor, ride queen-like on the sea !
May never storm come nigh thee, may never tempest
make
Thy mighty masts to quiver, thine oaken sides to shake.

O you who sailed before us in the good ship long ago !
We followed where you led us, stars above and sea
below ;
You led us like a beacon that lit the seething foam,
You led us like the glitter of a star that pointed home.

The Good Ship Alma Mater.

O you who shall come after, we give you all God-speed !

Stand by the Alma Mater and serve her at her need ;
Till you too pass the billows that hold you from the shore,

Till you too ride at anchor, and plough the waves no more.

O good ship Alma Mater, a long farewell at last !

We 're hopeful for the future, we 're grateful for the past.

Sail on thro' sunny waters ; with more than lips can tell

Of sorrow at our parting, we speak the last farewell.

O good ship Alma Mater, we bid farewell to thee ;

Stand stately in the harbor, ride queen-like on the sea !

May never storm come nigh thee, may never tempest make

Thy mighty masts to quiver, thine oaken sides to shake !

THE GODDESS ALMA MATER.

(*Alumnæ Song*, 1887.)

THE goddess Alma Mater dwells upon this sacred
shore,
The goddess great and gracious, whom we serve for-
evermore.
Though far her influence follows to guard us well from
harms,
Yet here her chosen seat is, her chariot and her arms.

O goddess Alma Mater, thy glorious name we hail!
For still the plough thou speedest, and still dost speed
the sail;
Thy vigor fills our pulses, thy favor still is ours!
Thy praise in song be sounded, thine altar crowned
with flowers!

O goddess Alma Mater, more fair than lips can tell,
The hail is hardly spoken, ere sounds the new farewell!
We hear the ocean calling, we leave the sacred shore,
Yet wheresoe'er we wander, we serve thee evermore!

The Goddess Alma Mater.

O goddess Alma Mater, thy glorious name we hail,
Who still dost help the harvest, who still dost grant
the gale,
Whose vigor fills our pulses, whose favor still is ours!
Thy praise in song be sounded, thine altar crowned
with flowers!

THE HOUSE OF LOYAL HEARTS.

(From *Birthdays*, a poem read in the College Chapel, February 14, 1875.)

WITH grateful hearts, this wintry day,
We hail our Alma Mater's birth.
She was not born when blossomy May
Had strewn with tender flowers the earth,
And skies were blue, and sunlight smiled ;
She was old Winter's hardy child.
She came in storm, and bided fast
Rough February's bitter blast.

* * * *

We look to thee with loving eyes,
O gentle Mother, kind and wise !
With a full heart we look to thee,
Gratefully, gladly, hopefully !

We know that in some coming day
The faces met around thy knee—
Fair household group—must pass away ;
But in the east or in the west,
Far from thy face, far from thy smile,
We own thee, Mother, all the while,

The House of Loyal Hearts.

As noblest, wisest, truest, best !
And while of this thy house one stone,
 O Mother, on another stands,
Thou always hast a fairer one—
 A mighty house not made with hands,
Not framed by all the builders' arts,—
A lasting house of loyal hearts !

LAUS ALMÆ MATRIS.

(Read before the Associate Alumnæ, February 14, 1895.)

THE Alma Mater ! What is she,
The winter-born, with heart of spring,
To whom this night her children bring
In joyous wise a tribute free?

Her name upon the lip doth leap :
Hast seen her face on any day ?
Not I, nor thou ; not one can say
He felt her mantle's wing-like sweep.

And is she, then, in very truth ?
Or did we weave a lovely lie
Through all the golden tapestry
That made so fair the House of Youth ?

Great Presence, Motherhood benign,
Forgive me that I question thus !
Thy life hath lit the lives of us,
Thou art, behind the fading sign.

Laus Almae Matris.

Thou wast not made of any man ;
Thine ends we serve ; and all the while,
A white Ideal, thou dost smile
O'er frustrate hope and faultful plan.

We serve ; judge thou our service blind :
The weak forgive, the false destroy,
And that thou find'st without alloy
Firm to thy shining Future bind !

For thou shalt live when we are dust,
And forward-bending Fancy sees
Glad girlhood lean about thy knees,
With starry eyes of tender trust.

Brave youthful spirits yet to be !
To-night thy silver feast we hold,
But they shall keep the feast of gold,
And quaff the richer cup with thee !

Yet stoop thou, gracious, pure, unseen,
Since Love's red cordial fills it up,
To kiss the brim, to bless the cup
Where ivy wreathes the silvern sheen.

And first, to HIM the pledge be passed :
For lo, our love to thee must shed

Laus Almae Matris.

11

Its light about his silvering head,
Since he hath loved thee, first and last !

A thornless garland of the years
With filial hands for him we twine,
And mingle memories with the wine
As priceless pearls, and not as tears !

IN MEMORIAM:

LYDIA F. WADLEIGH.

(Read before the Associate Alumnae, November 3, 1888.)

COMPANIONS in the fellowship of sorrow !
What shall we say? Our speech weighs all too
light ;

Fain, fain would we be silent, and attend
The voice we shall not hear on any morrow.
O Memory, fill the room of our dear friend,—
Speak to us thou, for thou wilt speak aright !

And suddenly we hear, by Memory's might,
The words she loved and spake here in this place,
And almost see, by Memory's might, the face
Illumined: "WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE TRUE,
HONEST, JUST, PURE, LOVELY, OF GOOD REPORT,
IF THERE BE ANY PRAISE, THINK ON THESE THINGS."
O words that as the wingéd seed have wings,
Be fruitful in us! Fitly do ye sort
With this grave time. Thanks, Memory, minister

Of gracious comfort ! For to us, who knew,
To think on these things is to think on her.

That thought is triumph. Though we mourn, oh yet,
Could we rise out of self, and so forget
Our need, the vacant chair and the closed door,
The place that knows her not forevermore,—
Could we rise out of self, the understrain
That sounds below the burden of our pain
Would mount, would swell to one victorious psalm.
Her life was conquest : therefore strew the palm !
Faithful to many faiths, with one accord
We praise Thee, O Eternal, All-Adored,
For Thy strong servant, who abode the shock
Of wave-succeeding days, 'gainst which shall stand
No work that any builds upon the sand,
Fast-rooted in the Right, and firm as rock !
Yea, we uplift our souls to the vast Source
And Sea of all man's truth, and love, and force,
For her whose truth and force the world can speak,
Whose tenderness none guessed except the weak.

Behold a type : lo how, in her own land,
Arise, far seen, the steadfast, great-heart hills,
(Whose strength is God's,) upon the granite based.
They loom above us with a calm command,
Aloof and stern ; but who their ways have traced

Can tell of secret clefts the sunset fills,
Clear springs, hid lakes of lilies starry-faced,
And, making tenderest hues of heaven their own,
Blue harebells trembling from the very stone.

Oh let the immanent unslackened power
Of that sincere strong spirit in this hour
Upon us, be as present argument
Of those the real things which are not seen!
Now our undying reverence and affection,
And that which, deep in man, makes insurrection
Against the temporal show with clamors keen,
Cry out: "She here abides, she doth endure,
Potent, in whatsoever things are pure,
And whoso lives in these, shall feel her near!
But we, who seem to live,—if we be bent
To follow whatsoever things are base,
False, trivial, vain,—we are the shadows here,
Which that true Presence shall with light efface!"

Let us go forth, attuned to the fit key
By Sorrow's touch. We serve not such as she
With one poor hour of honor, and brief tears,
But with the service of remembering years.

IN MEMORIAM:
WILLIAM WOOD.

(October 21, 1895.)

I.

ONE glory is there of the rising sun,
Pure, strong, and joyous as a youth who springs
With heart elate a noble race to run,
Hope to his sandals binding fiery wings.

One glory is there, when the sun alone,
Companionless of clouds, goes up on high,
With royal pace to take his peerless throne,
The unflawed sapphire of the noontide sky.

And yet another glory, oh, and yet
A tenderer glory than of morn or noon,
Attends the still hour when the sun doth set,
And mounts in heaven the white, memorial moon;

The moon, that, like remembrance after death,
Grows clear, his presence having passed away,

And with increasing radiance answereth
His unseen smile, assurance of new day.

So, smiling as a maiden in a trance,
She through the heavenly halls doth glide all night,
The witness of his living countenance,
The token of the immortal life of light.

Oh, not with darkened mind, but overflowed
With memory's lucent calm, and peace that streams
O'er all the roughness of the earthly road,
We muse on death, that is not what it seems!

We are not cheated with the masking show ;
We put the sad disguise of shadows by ;
There are who live so deep, we inly know,
Sharing the only Life, they cannot die !

II.

And such was he, our kind familiar friend,
Of reverend presence and of gracious mien,
For whose dear sake to-day we fain would blend
The Scottish heather with our emblem green.

In him encroaching Time had never part ;
Not fourscore winters, with their silvery snows,
Could chill romance, warm-rooted in his heart ;
His age rejoiced, and blossomed as the rose !

And his the fairy-gift of jewelled speech ;
 For still with those his daily converse ran,
 The bay-crowned company, whose songs can teach
 The secret of eternal youth to man.

And still he fought our Alma Mater's fight
 Against the lance of every evil tongue,
 And wore her favor, and was known her knight,
 And deemed her ever faultless, fair, and young.

Oh, whatsoe'er of lasting bronze we rear
 This day, with pious and most fit intent
 That in this place his semblance shall appear,
 These walls themselves are his best monument !

Thoughts are the high originals of things ;
 The shaping spirit hath imperial scope ;
 There 's not a brick to which our ivy clings
 But first was fashioned by his dreaming hope.

For this we thank him ; but we thank him most
 For all he was, and for his dauntless cheer,
 As, looking seaward from our earthly coast,
 He faced the unknown deep without a fear.

The talisman of his remembrance ours,
 We tread with braver step the ways he trod,
 And see, in desert age, a field of flowers,
 In death, a voyage piloted of God !

AN ODE FOR THE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE BIRTH OF HORACE MANN,
MAY 4, 1896.

I.

HOW many memories dignify the Days!—
The Days, that in their endless, even march
Beneath heaven's azure arch,
Turn each a well-known face, a friendly gaze
Upon us as we pass, and smile with eyes
We learn to recognize.
'T is meet, indeed, we pause in our own ways,
Saluting such majestic Days
As wear, in each imperishable crown,
The captain-jewel of some fair renown!
When breaks one February morn,
We say: "This day our more than Prince was born,
That soul august, whose word and deed still show
As pure as crystals of the snow."
A sense of Shakespeare sweetens April through;
Save for that one grave sunrise, when 't is said,
While the East floods with sacrificial red,
And the great light spreads wide,
"On this Day—Lincoln died!"

'T is meet, indeed, we pause and bow the head,
And loose the burden of the hour,
And from the undying life of great men dead
Breathe in the fiery faith whose gift is power.

II.

In such fit pieties, forget not we
God's worker in the dark, whose broadcast seeds,
Quickening in alien soil, spring not in deeds
Distinct, associate with his name.
God's worker in the dark? What man is he
If not the Teacher? Other toilers claim
Their meed—the travail of their souls at last
Behold, rejoicing, and are satisfied ;
Their faithful labors past,
Lo! the thing done appears, a joy, a pride.
Earth's voices aye the Soldier's name repeat :
The proud traditions of his deeds shall run
Through all familiar talk of sire and son,
As scarlet poppies, through the kindly wheat,
Flame on the fields he won :
And Clio, bending, whispers in his ear :
“ Great Captain, thy good fight
Hath laid the stone aright :
On such a base the soaring shaft we rear,
Till, crowning all, appear
A golden Freedom glorious in the light ! ”

Anniversary Ode.

The Poet sings—and lo, the song ! It glows,
 One form of beauty more, one more full rose
 On the old stem of Time,
 Renewing the world's prime :
 Nay, every craftsman, shaping wood or stone,
 May call the actual end he sees, his own :
 The Teacher, the Inspirer, only he
 Must sow in uplands eye can never see,
 And reap not of the best that he hath sown.
 Nor can we change, by any wreath we weave,
 This "hard condition, twin-born" with his task :
 We grant him praise ; but praise he would not ask,
 Predestinate to give, not to receive ;
 Elect of love, his very soul to give ;
 By faith, not sight, to labor and to live—
 By faith, the evidence of things not seen.

III.

Yet grant the praise, yet weave the chaplet green,
 Ah yet, though not for meed,
 For reverence' sake and our own spirits' need.
 Laud we the Masters, shapers of mankind,
 From that sweet, subtle Greek who wrought with mind
 As works the skilful potter with his clay,
 To him whose memory marks this vernal day.
 Behold that goodly company, the line
 Who knew the vital joy, and urgency divine,

Which Chaucer, prattling in his spring-time speech
As close to Nature as the chirp of birds,
Summed in the simple words:
“ And gladly would he learn, and gladly teach ” !
A goodly company ; but goodliest three :
Comenius, who first urged the human claim,
And set the pitch of harmonies to be,
While round him Europe surged with swords and
flame ;
Next that great-hearted Swiss, who bravely laid
Rejected stone to stone, and slowly made
A temple out of failures, living Love
The perfect light thereof ;
Last, he who found the key
To childhood's garden, where the unconscious flowers
Thank him with smiles through all their sunny hours.

IV.

And now behold him rise,
The silvered head, the gentle smile and wise,
The eyes that burn with that still sacred fire
Of never-quenched desire
To serve and save the race :
Our countryman, by that spare, earnest face,
Where gravity and humor seem to blend,
And patience without end,
Such as he needs who sees a world to mend.

Anniversary Ode.

Oh ! for that soul sincere bring modest praise,
 Choice-culled, and temperate phrase.
 Him no unmeasured terms could please,
 Who showed the right New England strain,
 Keen, reticent, and sane.
 He loved not praise ; he knew not ease ;
 No poor ambition, but the spirit's stir
 Impelled him like a spur.
 Our countryman, by that dear dream we share—
 That no child born to breathe the blessed air
 That kisses while it waves our flag of stars,
 Shall, birdlike, hurl his soul against the bars,
 Or sink in dulness of despair ;
 But all be free of regions pure and fair,
 Being bred as fits the Past's inheritors,
 And lords of the vast Future's untried shores.

V.

So have we loosed the burden of the hour ;
 So have we stood to see the Day go by,
 And craved her gift of power :
 And she hath turned on each a searching eye,
 Saying : " What, then, art thou,
 Binder of chaplets for a true man's brow ?
 Bethink thee : dost thou love such things as he ?
 Dost toil for God and man, or self and meed ?
 Canst hail him comrade ? Peace, then, go with thee ;

Anniversary Ode.

23

Thou hast my gift indeed !
Take up the load thou laid'st beside the way,
And thou shalt find it as a wingéd thing,
And on the dusty road thy heart shall sing !"
So, underneath the stars, departs the Day.

THE OLIVE BOUGH.

*A Song for the End.**

I.

AS when, pursued by some swift Wind and bold
Freed from the hollow dark Æolian hold,
A cloud across the face of heaven is blown,
And sunshine ceases from the fields, as mown
By that long shadow sweeping o'er the wold,
And the kind world turns cold—
So o'er our chosen day
Sails now a shadowing cloud that sweeps the sun away.

Our chosen day, to Memory dedicate :
To Memory, goddess great,
A Proserpine that 'mid the dip and swell
Of her wide meadows dim with asphodel
Keeps aye one circle blest
Lit with purpureal light unlike the rest :
The field of our first youth, as luminous

* A Memorial Poem, read to the Associate Alumnae, June 30, 1883.

Through soberer recollections, as the place
Where looked the Dardan on his father's face

In the land nebulous.

The verdure of that valley is Spring's own,
Ampler the air—then, limits were not known
To us that breathed it ; all that since has been
Has its free freshness to our spirits proved.

Oh circle blest indeed !

Dear, dear the faces that therein have moved,—
Sad, sad to know it changelessly decreed
We may no more behold them, save therein !

II.

It was men's wont of old,
Ere spoken was the *Vale*, deep, threefold,
From the full heart above the unanswering lip
Of the bronze urn, in water clear to dip
A branch, and sprinkle all with pure light spray :

Or broken bough of bay

Or olive called the happy, since it yields

Fruit in unnumbered fields :

For thus they deemed the influence done away
Of barren Death, that else a spell might lay
On the warm living, subtly to annul
Their powers, and strike their fortunes cold and dull.
And we, who seek the soul in each old sign,

The Olive Bough.

Pleased if we may divine
 Likeness in difference, Proteus in disguise,
 And gazing backward with anointed eyes
 Across deep ages and the gulfs of race
 Know yet a brother's face,—
 We hail, in this the antique olive gray,
 A meaning of to-day.

III.

For surely this pale bough, with hoary leaf,
 Is symbol of one still thought that is ours
 After the fire of grief :
 Thought not unhappy, fruitful thought, that showers
 A lustral rain of gentle tears and pure,
 Breaking the spell of Death, that else were sure
 To chain our living powers,
 To lock Joy fettered in the frozen breast :
 The one calm thought, the peaceful thought, THEY
 REST.

They rest : brief rest was theirs
 Ere set of sun, and long and full of cares
 The laboring day. 'T is now as night, soft night,
 Descending and enfolding, whereon bright
 Old hours of toil are shining, sanctified
 To stars that light and guide !

IV.

Ah, not with numbing of one noble hope
Turn we from facing Death inexorable,
 But with strong souls and stable !
 Deep heaven hath surely scope
To hold each earnest hour, a jewel new,
 A star to light and guide :
And toil, that shears all knotted puzzles through,
A stellar sword against the dark descried
Shall burn, like Perseus' blade whereby the Gorgon
 died.

Far, far the Colchian shores,
Weary the mid-sea laboring at the oars,
And hard to pass the rough Symplegades :
 But, sail and storm-beat spars
And wave-worn rudder pictured all in stars,
Shines the ship Argo still above the Southern seas !

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THE ACCOLADE.

*A Song for the Beginning.**

I.

NOW filled was all the sum
Of serving years, and past, forever past,
All duties, all delights, of young esquires :
And to the altar and the hour at last,—
The hour, the altar, of his dear desires,—
Clear-shriven and whitely clad the youth was come.

II.

Full many a squire was in that household bred
To arms and honor and sweet courtesy,
Who wore that sojourn's fragrant memory
As amulet in after-battles dread ;
And meeting in kings' houses joyously,
Or, wounded, in the sedge beside a lake,
Such men were bounden brothers, for the sake
Of the blade that knighted and the board that fed.

* A Commencement Poem, read to the Graduating Class at Smith College, June 18, 1884.

III.

To eastward builded was the oratory :
There all the warm spring night,— while in the wood
The buds were swelling in the brooding dark,
And dreaming of a lordlier dawn the lark,—
Paced to and fro the youth, and dreamed on glory,
And watched his arms. Great knights in mailed hood
On steeds of stone sat ranged along the aisle,
And frowned upon the aspirant : “ Who is he
Would claim the name and join the company
Of slayers of Soldans swart and Dragons grim,
Not ignorant of wanded wizards’ guile,
And deserts parched, and waters wide to swim ? ”
He halted at the challenge of the dead.
Anon, in twilight, fancy feigned a smile
To curve the carven lips, as though they said,
“ Oh welcome, brother, of whom the world hath
need !

Ere the recorded deed
We trembled, hoped, and doubted, even as thou.”

And therewithal he lifted up his brow,
Uplift from hesitance and humble fear,
And saw how with the splendor of the sun
The glimmering oriel blossomed rosy-clear ;
And lo, the Vigil of the Arms was done !

IV.

Now, mass being said, before the priest he brought
That glittering prophecy, his untried sword.
In some mysterious forge the blade was wrought,
By shadowy arms of force that baffle thought
Wrought curiously in the dim under-world ;
And all along the sheath processions poured,
 Thronged shapes of earth's weird morn
Ere yet the hammer of Thor was downward hurled ;
Not less it had for hilt the Cross of Christ the Lord,
And must thereby in battle aye be borne.

V.

Cool-sprinkled with the consecrated wave,
That blade was blessed, that it should strike to save ;
And next, pure hands of youth in hands of age
 Were held upon the page
Of the illuminate missal, full of prayers,—
Rich fields, wherethrough the river of souls has rushed
Long, long, to have its passion held and hushed
In the breast of that calm Sea whereto it fares ;
And steadfastly the aspirant vow did plight
To bear the sword, or break it, for the Right ;
And living well his life, yet hold it light,—
Yea, for that sovereign sake a worthless thing.

VI.

Thereon a troop of maids began to bring,
 With flutter as of many-colored doves,
 The hauberk that right martially did ring,
 And weight of linkéd gloves,
 And helmet plumed, and spurs ablaze with gold.
 Each gave in gracious wise her guiding word,
 As bade or fresh caprice, or usance old :
 As, RIDE THOU SWIFT BY GOLDEN HONOR SPURRED,
 Or, BE THOU FAITHFUL, FORTUNATE, AND BOLD.
 But scarce for his own heart the aspirant heard.

VII.

And armed, all save the head,
 He kneeled before his master gray and good.
 Like some tall, noble, ancient ship he stood,
 That once swept o'er the tide
 With banners, and freight of heroes helmeted
 For worthy war, and music breathing pride.
 Now, the walled cities won,
 And storms withstood, and all her story spun,
 She towers in sand beside some sunny bay,
 Whence in the silvery morn new barks go sailing gay.

So stately stood the Knight :
 And with a mighty arm, and with a blade

Reconsecrate at fiery fonts of fight,
He on the bowed neck gave the accolade.

Yet kneeled the youth bewildered, for the stroke
Seemed severance sharp of kind companionships ;
And the strange pain of parting in him woke ;
And as at midnight when a branch down dips
By sudden-swaying tempest roughly stirred,
Some full-fledged nested bird,
Being shaken forth, though fain of late to fly,
Now flickers with weak wing and wistful cry,—
So flickered his desires
'Twixt knighthood, and delights and duties of esquires.
But even as with the morrow will uprise,
Assured by azure skies,
The bird, and dart, and swim in buoyant air,—
Uprose his soul, and found the future free and fair !

VIII.

And girded with Farewell and with Godspeed
He sprang upon his steed.
And forth he fared along the broad bright way ;
And mild was the young sun, and wild the breeze,
That seemed to blow to lands no eye had seen :
And Pentecost had kindled all the trees
To tremulous thin whispering flames of green,
And given to each a sacred word to say ;

And wind-fine voices of the wind-borne birds
Were ever woven in among their words.
Soft-brooding o'er the hamlet where it lay,
The circling hills stood stoled with holy white,

For orchards brake to blossom in the night ;
And all the morning was one blown blue flower,
And all the world was at its perfect hour.
So fared he gladly, and his spirit yearned
To do some deed fit for the deep new day.

And on the broad bright way his armor burned,
And showed him still, a shifting, waning star,

To sight that followed far.
Till, last, the fluctuant wood the flash did whelm,
That flood-like rolled in light and shadow o'er his helm.

IX.

I know not more ; nor if that helm did rust
In weed of some drear wilderness down-thrust,

Where in the watches lone
Heaven's host beheld him lying overthrown,
While God yet judged him victor, God whose laws
Note not the event of battle, but the cause.
I know not more ; nor if the nodding prize
Of lustrous laurels ere that helm did crown,
While God yet judged him vanquished, God whose eyes
Saw how his Demon smote his Angel down

In some forgotten field and left him low.
Only the perfect hour is mine to know.

X.

O you who forth along the highway ride,
Whose quest the whispering wood shall close around,
Be all adventure high that may betide,
And gentle all enchantments therein found !
I would my song were as a trumpet-sound
To nerve you and speed, and weld its notes with power
To the remembrance of your perfect hour ;
To ring again and again, and to recall
 With the might of music, all :
The prescience proud, the morning aspiration,
But most the unuttered vow, the inward consecration !

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